

Life
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
THE LIBRARY
MAR 11 1919

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 73, No. 1898. March 13, 1919
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When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No Wrapping; No Address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

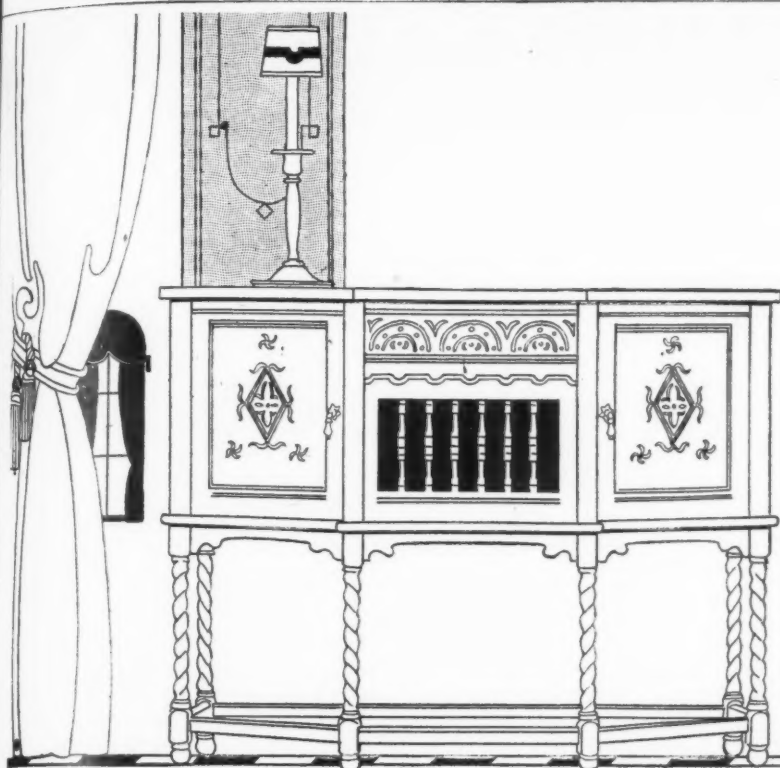


"GOOD-BYE, LITTLE FRENCH MOTHER"

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE





Pathé

PHONOGRAPH

No needles to change
Costs no more than ordinary phonographs

JACOBEOAN ART MODEL, oak,
49 inches long, 20 inches deep, 38
inches high; automatic stop; Pathe
perfected tone control; Pathe repro-
ducer, Sapphire ball; Universal tone
arm, rich metal trimming; \$215
silent double spring motor

The Secret Difference

in Pathé Tone is held in the Sapphire ball—
it glides—never wears out. No needles to
change. Needles cut and wear out the records.
There is as much difference between the tone

of the Pathé Phonograph and a talking ma-
chine as there is between a priceless violin
and an ordinary fiddle. Hear the full, round tone
of the Pathé, and remember it costs no more.

You will find a jewelled Pathé
at any price you wish to pay.
\$32.50 for a simple instrument.
Others more elaborate, in
practically all sizes, finishes
and woods, up to \$1,000.

Go to the Pathé dealer in your

town. Hear the Pathé Phono-
graph records played. Your
ear will at once detect the big
difference made by the Pathé
Sapphire ball.

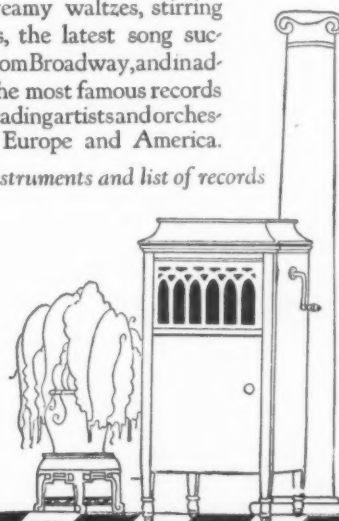
Pathé dealers have the popular
hits, first—best—on Pathé rec-

ords—fox-trots, one-steps,
Jazz, dreamy waltzes, stirring
marches, the latest song suc-
cesses from Broadway, and in ad-
dition the most famous records
by the leading artists and orches-
tras of Europe and America.

If there is not a Pathé dealer near you, write direct for complete illustrated catalog of instruments and list of records

Pathé

PATHE FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
The Pathé Frères Phonograph Company, Ltd., Toronto, Can.



No. 10 Mahogany
or oak (gold-
en or fumed); exposed
parts nickel-plated; Uni-
versal tone arm; Pathe
perfected tone control;
Pathe reproducer, Sap-
phire ball; silent double
spring motor; 20 1/2 in-
ches wide, 20 1/4 inches
deep, 43 inches high.
All wood tone
chamber \$120

The Pathé plays all makes of Records



Bolshevik *Number of Life next week*

Last week's Bone-Dry Number (which we were afraid might possibly be the last) has left us in feeble health and spirits. We hope to recover soon. This week we can only pipe up a little about next week's LIFE. It has a Bolshevik cover, a Bolshevik centre-page cartoon, and is really an excellent number, and ought to do some good. We cannot say more than this now. We hope soon to be asking you in the old hearty way to become a regular subscriber. We hope to be able to tell you that life without LIFE is lifeless. Meanwhile it is to Bolshevik.

Dear Life:

I had the privilege of distributing—through the courtesy of the American Library Association—copies of your Back-Home number among the 2,151 sick and wounded returned by the U. S. S. Leviathan from Brest February 3rd. God bless you!

John M. Thomas,
Transport Chaplain, U. S. A.

Soldiers and sailors, overseas or in camp, or at a hospital, all like LIFE.

Special
Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 82

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Rhymed Reviews

Java Head

(By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf)

TO Salem frowning prim upon
Rejoicing sea and still salina,
Young Captain Gerrit Ammidon
Returning, brought a wife from
China!—

A Manchu lady, nobly bred,
With perfect manners, calm, un-
hurried.
The Captain's folks at Java Head
Were slightly puzzled, peeved and
worried.

Now Edward Dunsack, worst of men,
Revealed the yellow flame that
burned him;
He wooed the proud Taou Yuen;
But how the Manchu lady spurned
him!

So Edward told her then and there
(For Edward was a Chinese scholar)
That Gerrit had a heart-affair
With Edward's niece, Miss Nettie
Vollar.

On Nettie, lying ill a-bed,
The Manchu made a visitation;
When in stole wicked Uncle Ed.
To slay Yuen by strangulation.

To shun her second choice of ills—
The clutch of one so base and
bestial—
The lady swallowed poison pills
And winged her flight to realms
celestial.

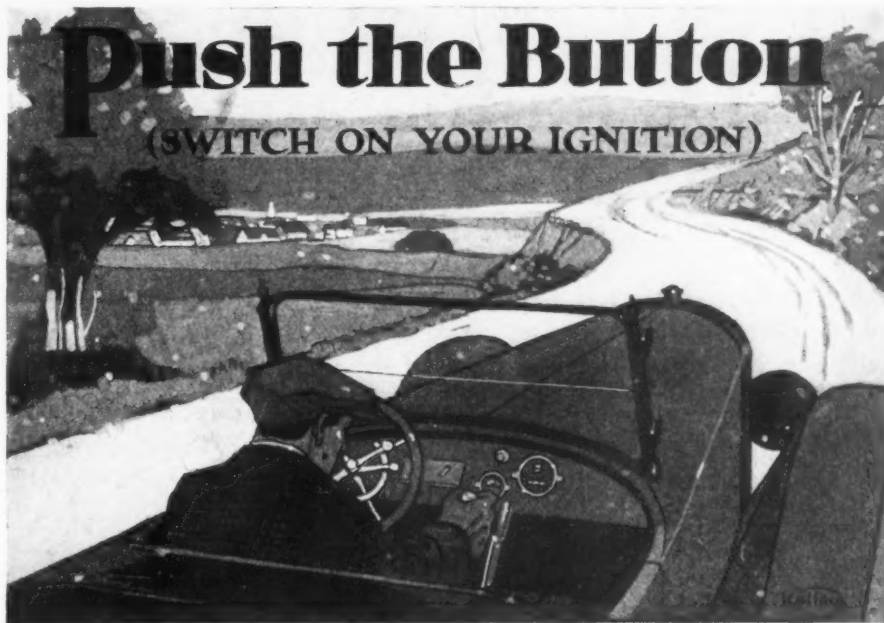
Then, having buried proud Yuen,
The Captain promptly married
Nettie,
And quickly put to sea again
In scorn of lives so cramped and
petty.

These Novelists are Frankensteins:
They make their dolls; with life they
fill them;
But, when they cut up monkey-shines,
Not knowing what to do, they kill
them!

Arthur Guiterman.

We have abolished alcohol.
Frank Crane.

NO, no, Frank! Not by a jugful.
We have only passed a law about it.



IS enough current flowing through the circuit to give you an effective spark?

When you strike a real hill does your motor get spark enough to buckle down and make it, or will it falter?

Of course, it would not be safe to have a free enough flow of current to make a good spark without some means of preventing harm should you leave your ignition "on" when the motor is not running.

Connecticut Automatic Ignition has the only absolute protection yet devised which does not sacrifice efficiency—it has a switch which shuts itself off automatically the minute any current is being wasted.

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
51 Britannia St. Meriden, Conn.

CONNECTICUT AUTOMATIC IGNITION



We have printed a booklet which will give you a better understanding of automobile ignition in general, and Connecticut Automatic Ignition in particular. It tells the story simply and clearly. Yours for the asking.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Before They Talked English
SMITHY: The League of Nations is going to be the greatest new thing to come out of the war.
JONESY: Wrong! They tried it 'way back, and it didn't work.
SMITHY: When and where?
JONESY: Tower of Babel.

IF we keep exporting 'em, the trade balance of anarchists will soon be in our favor.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Genuine Diamonds Sent on Approval

NO MONEY DOWN. Order any Diamond from our catalog; we will send it, all charges paid. After you have made a thorough examination and are satisfied as to the quality and value, pay 20 per cent of the price and the rest in ten equal monthly payments. Don't pay a cent until you are satisfied. Certificate furnished guaranteeing the quality of every Diamond. Your Diamond purchased from us can be exchanged at a yearly increased value of 7 1/2 per cent on a larger purchase. Own a genuine Diamond. Send for our catalog De Luxe No. 900H. It's free.

L. W. SWEET & CO., Inc., Dept. 900H, 2 and 4 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK CITY

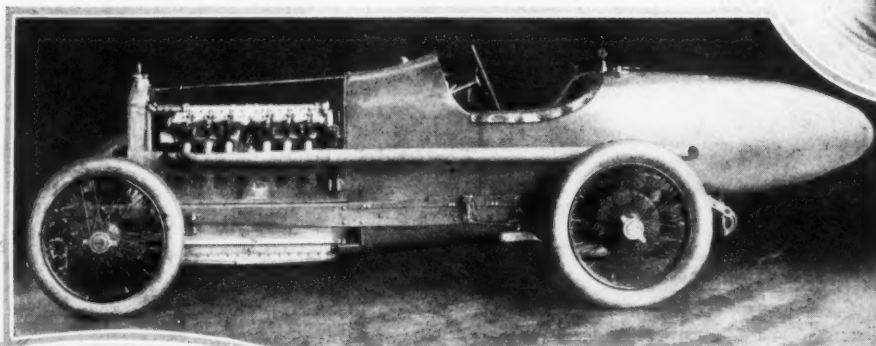
All Official World's Records Broken by De Palma and His Packard Car

Packard Aviation Motor Drives Car 149:72 Miles Per Hour at Daytona Beach. Establishes New Figures for all Distances from 1 to 20 miles

In five days' racing, beginning February 12th, Ralph De Palma has broken every official world's record on the straightaway with his new racing car, equipped with the *Packard Aviation Motor*.

He has established new records for 1 mile, 2 miles, 3 miles, 4 miles, 5 miles, 10 miles, 15 miles and 20 miles—hanging up the startling figures of 24.02 seconds to the mile, at the rate of 149.72 miles per hour.

The Packard Aviation Motor now holds all records on straightaway and circular tracks for all distances from 1/4 mile up to 616 miles.



RECORD BREAKING PACKARD RACING CAR EQUIPPED WITH PACKARD 300 CUBIC INCH AIRCRAFT ENGINE. - HOLDER OF WORLD RECORDS MADE AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY JULY 27. AND 28. 1917.



RALPH DE PALMA

World's Records
made by
DE PALMA
with the Packard
Aviation Engine

1 mile	-	24.02 sec.
2 miles	-	49.54 sec.
3 miles	-	1 min. 15.04 sec.
4 miles	-	1 min. 39.77 sec.
5 miles	-	2 min. 04.58 sec.
10 miles	-	4 min. 09.30 sec.
15 miles	-	6 min. 48.75 sec.
20 miles	-	8 min. 54.20 sec.

Think of the positive force exerted by this specialized Packard personnel of 18,000—working intensively on transportation problems!

Think what is already being done—and what more can be done in the future—to apply the lessons of De Palma's racing car in a practical way to the Packard Passenger Car and Motor Truck!

Lessons of engine design, of car design, of truck design, of balance, of the application of power, of getting the work out of the car.

Getting the work out of the car!

There is not a problem before the business world today of more acute, practical importance.

The motor truck equipment of America as it stands could deliver 30 per cent more transportation than it is giving today.

The Packard Company says that because it has developed the method and put it into effect with nearly two thousand Packard Trucks the country over.

~ ~

The man who has a transportation problem to solve cannot do better than to discuss it with his local Packard Branch or Packard Dealer. *No charge.* It is not even necessary that he be a Packard owner or driver.

The object is *Service* rather than immediate sales.

WHAT gives even greater interest to this achievement is the fact that many of the earlier records were long held by the German-made Blitzen-Benz car.

It seems peculiarly fitting that this new De Palma-Packard record, which breaks the last hold of the Germans on transportation records, should be achieved by the Packard Aviation Engine—the engine which was the forerunner of the Liberty Motor that broke the German supremacy in the air.

~ ~

The real significance of De Palma's Packard achievement is the *Packard engineering principles* that made it possible.

No one knows better than the Packard Company what can be accomplished by intensive study with any problem of transportation—whether of passengers or freight, by motor carriage, by truck, by airplane, on land or in the air.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit



To a Japanese Temple Gong

At Sho-foo-den

MYSTERIOUS relic from a sacred land;
 Recipient of secrets—ages gone;
 You spoke before the Christian era's dawn,
 Saw light when darkness reigned on every hand.
 Who knows what message goes with your command,
 To wake the echoes in some heart forlorn;
 Or stir a hope in some poor spirit, born
 To live in dread of Buddha's reprimand.

Your deep-voiced peal has echoed down the years,
 Mingling with hymns of happiness or tears,
 Gray priests have wooed the cadence of your tones,
 Drawing triumphant peals or mournful moans;
 And now your range—from heaven's height to hell—
 Resolves itself into a dinner bell.

Oscar Northway-Meyer.



SIGNS OF MUTINY



THE KNEES OF THE GODS

Marguerite: UN ÉCOSSAIS! QU'IL EST MAGNIFIQUE!

"MAGNIFEEK, IS HE? SAY, MAGGIE, THEY AIN'T A BIT BETTER'N MINE T' SIT ON, EVEN IF I DON'T WEAR 'EM LOW-NECK!

A Resolution

WHEREAS, the American Expeditionary Force, realizing from past war that it is the nature of the American people to wish to honor their soldiery,

And realizing also that in the past this desire to honor has taken the form of sundry monuments, statues and kindred memorials,

And having had to gaze through its youth upon said monuments, statues and kindred memorials, hereby

Resolves: That it will be a further service to humanity if the number of such monuments, statues and kindred memorials is not increased;

That, having looked upon such statues, monuments and kindred memorials as the Hun has left undespoiled in Europe, it realizes the pitiful inade-

quacy of American art, architecture and sculpture, and while it honors and reveres the noble sentiments that prompted the erection of the memorials to our soldiers of the Revolution, War of 1812, Civil War and Spanish-American War, yet it prefers that none of similar design and sculpture be erected in honor of the American Expeditionary Force, and therefore respectfully

Requests that such memorials as may be erected in memory of our heroes take the form of hospitals, summer recreation camps for city children and tenement mothers, and open squares and parks.

Lingering

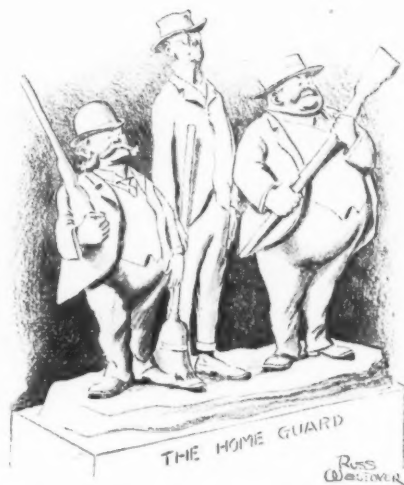
TED: What was that bet you made?

NED: That the peace deliberations

would be over before our chess tournament was finished.



GOLD FISH



WHY NOT STATUETTES IN MEMORY OF SOME STAY-AT-HOMES?

A Fragment of Future History

IT was in 1932 that the whole earth was finally "dry" and the Fourth Dimension back in fashion.

Thousands, urged by thirst, had found the road to the Fourth Dimension. They suddenly became invisible for days, and returned to Length, Breadth and Thickness with a light on their faces which some ancient Hebraic reporters said they saw on the phiz of Moses when he came down Horeb, with his celebrated Ten Verbotens. In 1937 the one-hundredth amendment to the Constitution was jammed through, prohibiting anyone from becoming invisible without a permit from the Secretary of Low Visibility.

A war broke out between the visitors to the Fourth Dimensional blind tigers and those who still clung to the arid Three, which resulted in the victory of the Race of Shiny Faces.

Which proved that necessity is the mother of circumvention.

Mercy!

SUPERSPY Number 378,602 had been locked up in solitary confinement in an American military prison for the duration of the war. At last, one morning, the door of his cell was opened.

"You are free," said the guard. "The war is over."

"And where are our beloved Emperor and the Death's-Head majestic prince?" was the spy's first question.

"They are in Holland, Fritz," was the answer.

"As I prophesied. I knew we would be obliged to conquer Holland. And the supermarvelous Mackensen?"

"He is somewhere in Greece."

The spy heaved a sigh of content. "I knew we'd land in Greece. And the incomparable Ludendorff?"

"He is in Sweden."

"I knew," continued 378,602, "we should get Sweden in the end." Then, in great anticipation, he asked gleefully:

"Where are the wonderful U-boats and our indomitable fleet?"

"They are all in English harbors," was the answer.

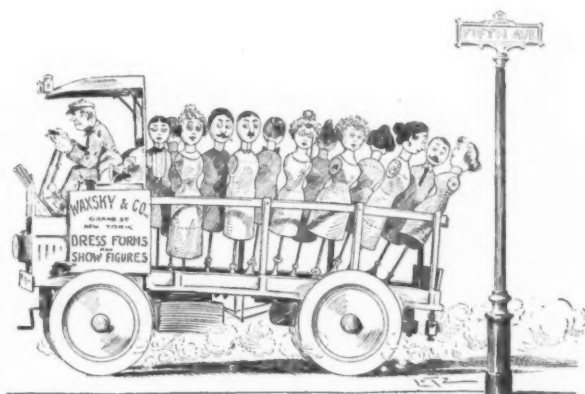
"In English harbors!" he chortled. "I prophesied that too."

Gently the guard pushed him back into his cell and locked the door. "You'd better stay there for the rest of your life. Nobody shall say the Americans are not merciful!"

S. T. Sterne.

Has the Advantage

THE ARMY MULE: Anyhow, they can't make me return my coat after I'm mustered out.



SEEING NEW YORK—AS SOME PEOPLE DO SEE IT

The Biograph

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

HOW sadly, wickedly aspersed
Is Mr. William Randolph Hearst,
Who runs so many Picture-Papers,
A Nation's Torches, Lamps and Tapers!

He'll stand, they say, who say amiss,
Down East for That—Out West for This.

He stood, they charge, for that Un-
wiser

And Sadder William H., the Kaiser.
Not so. Consistent, at the worst,
He stands for William Randolph
Hearst.

He owns, this Mighty News-Purveyor,
With Heaps of Bigger Things, a
Mayor;

And All he owns is ably nursed
For Mr. William Randolph Hearst.
He shouts from Pulpit, Stump or
Steeple,
Half-Truths and less to Trustful People;

For who are they that better know
What makes a Circulation grow?
A Sentimental Cane he swishes
To rescue Toads from Jellyfishes.
But William Randolph Hearst is first
And last for William Randolph Hearst.

Arthur Guiterman.

Which?

EVERY morning on my way to my office I read a street-car advertisement issued by the United States Food Administration. "America's Pledge—Twenty million tons of food," is what it says. According to the advertisement, this is two-thirds as much again as last year, and yet our stocks to draw on are no larger.

In the restaurants where I lunch and dine there are sugar and bread in plenty. No longer am I reminded of the task before us by wheatless and meatless days. Men and women friends of mine who thinned out last year are growing stout again. Nowhere do I see anybody saving food. All restrictions appear to be off.

When I get home at night I think about this advertisement by the United States Food Administration. Does it tell the truth or not? If



"SAY, OLD MAN, DO YOU MIND MY FLIRTING A LITTLE WITH YOUR WIFE?"
"NOT AT ALL, BUT DON'T LET HER KNOW. IF SHE GETS THE IDEA THAT I APPROVE
OF IT, SHE'LL THROW YOU OVER."

yes, then one of two things, both disagreeable, must be true: either the restrictions of last year were unwarranted in their severity, and therefore led to unholy financial profit for somebody, or else we are dangerously near breaking our pledge. Which is it?

Retribution

"EXCUSE me, I am the man who started the Prohibition movement in the United States."

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY: So? (*To attendant*) Just hand this chap over to that band of Methodist deacons.



*Drawn from a photograph
Copr. Underwood & Underwood*

“We, the people of the United States”

Opening words of a forgotten document



ASH WEDNESDAY

RENOUNCING THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS—FOR A SEASON

Humors of the Head-Lines

THE dearth of foreign news since the signing of the armistice has compelled our American press to live on an airy diet of rumors and prophecies—rumors and prophecies that are bewildering in their mutability. We read one day that the United States favors the sinking of German war-ships, and that Great Britain protests; on the next that Great Britain favors the sinking of German war-ships, and that the United States protests; on the third that Great Britain and the United States are in accord concerning German war-ships, and that France protests—nobody knows against what. Our peace of mind is shattered one morn-

ing by head-lines announcing that Italy is dissatisfied with the territory allotted her by Colonel House; and before we have had time to recover from the shock of Italy's recalcitrance, comes the happier word that Colonel House himself asserts the unity of the Powers. We breathe again, and await further developments.

The only things made plain to us so far are Germany's radiant self-satisfaction, Bulgaria's touching belief that she is the Allies' protégé, and Turkey's airy insouciance. "Want America to Teach Turkey," are the very tallest head-lines one day. "America to Teach Armenia," are the very tallest head-lines the next. That distinguished censor of life as he found it, Mr.

Henry Adams, maintained that students of conflicting traditions and temperaments teach one another most effectively, and here is a splendid chance to illustrate his views.

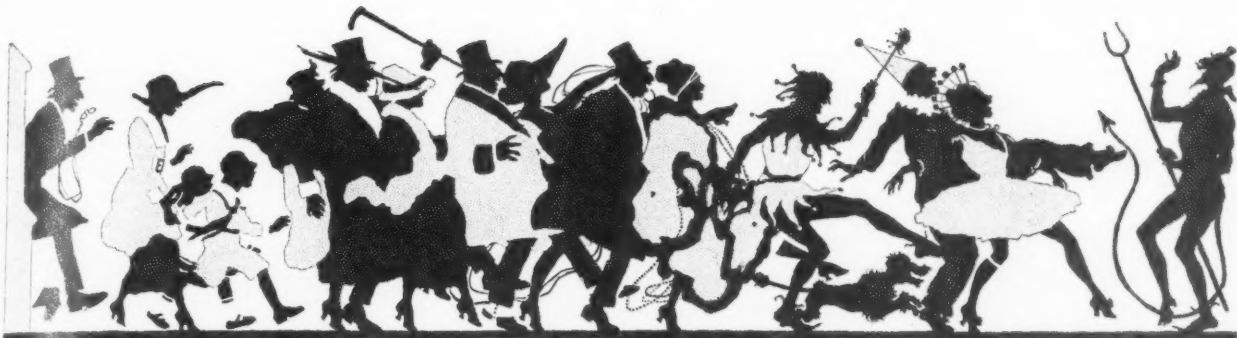
Perhaps it is complimentary to be told that Germany will accept a Wilson peace, but not a Clemenceau peace. Perhaps we should be touched when Bulgaria says she relies on President Wilson to assure her the full fruits of her honest toil, of the deportations and butcheries she so faithfully executed. Perhaps the universal enthusiasm over the fourteen points should quiet the disturbing reflection that every nation appears to read into them what she wishes to draw out. They are like an exegetical page of theology, appropriated by contending theologians. The English lady who impersonated them at a fancy dress ball, on New Year-eve in London, might throw some friendly light upon the subject.

The demands of the Central Powers, who voice them more arrogantly day by day, and the demands of the neutral Powers, who seem to think that the war was fought for their advancement, leave little to the Allied Powers but the privilege of paying bills and soothing the general discontent. Denmark would like to reappropriate her lost duchies, and Spain with unhumorous gravity proposes to cede Ceuta to Great Britain in return for Gibraltar. There is an old and pleasant story of a Spanish grandee who, having fallen and broken his nose, observed disdainfully, "This comes of walking on the earth." Wherever Spain may be walking now, it is certainly not upon the earth.

Agnes Repplier.



GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY!

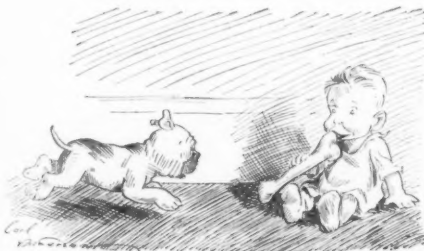


EASTER
BACK TO THE FLESH POTS

Spring's Message—1919

"I've got the 'flu,'" said Spring
 "I will not sing!
 And I forbid you poets everywhere
 To waste good ink and tear your unkempt hair
 On my behalf.
 I will not laugh,
 Nor sport with southern breezes, mad with glee,
 'Mid snowy drift of wild anemone.
 I will not weep.
 (Pray go away and let a creature sleep!)
 I've come on dancing feet with April eyes
 All wet with tears—you fools, they're dry and wise!—
 For centuries untold,
 I, who am old, old, old!
 I want no songs to usher in my day.
 Begone with you—you rhymesters—keep away!
 Leave me in peace! I tell you I am through
 With fol-de-rol like yours!
 I've got the 'flu!'"

Grace G. Bostwick.



"THAT'S THE TROUBLE AROUND HERE.
 I CAN'T HIDE A NICE BONE ANY PLACE
 BUT WHAT THAT KID FINDS IT."



A TICKLISH LANDING



HOW TO PREVENT A WAITERS' STRIKE—DON'T HAVE WAITERS

Hard On the C. O.'s

IN recently releasing one hundred and thirteen conscientious objectors, Secretary Baker accompanied his gracious order by the remark that it had been adopted so that the country might have the benefit of such work as they could perform conscientiously.

This, of course, appears on its face to be good news for the conscientious objectors, especially as, if they conscientiously object to work, they can loaf and invite their various conscientious souls. But is it fair to these gentlemen? The country has provided for them so well during the war that a certain proportion of them actually refused to leave jail. Is it not now, therefore, a cruel thing to throw them out on a cold and unfeeling world?

Republics are proverbially ungrateful, but it does seem as if Secretary Baker, with his well-known kindness

of heart, should have done more than this. Merely releasing these gentlemen, giving them a chunk of back pay, patting them on the back, calling them brave fellows, bidding them the pacifist compliments of the season and inviting them to do a little work if they happen to feel like it, surely this is a sad return for helping to keep us at war.

Continuous

"DID you know," asked Mulry, "that Miller had married for the fourth time?"

"Well, anyhow," replied the other man, "it demonstrates the truth of an old saying."

"What is that?" asked Mulry.

"The triumph of faith over experience," was the reply.

POLITENESS is the art of getting what you want.

THE German has thrown away his Iron Cross, now that he has a heavier one to bear.



Riding Master: HERE! DON'T ALLOW HIM TO DO THAT! DO YOU WANT TO SPOIL HIM?



FORGOTTEN

Points of View

THE Optimist said to the Pessimist's wife:
 "How do you live with a Gloom all your life?
 Is it bad?"

The Pessimist's wife to the Optimist said:
 "With unfailing Cheer, I would surely be dead,
 Or go mad!"

The Pessimist said to the Optimist's wife:
 "How do you live with a Joke all your life?
 Are you glad?"

Now the Optimist's wife was a Pessimist too,
 And she said: "I am happiest, even as you—
 When I'm sad!"

Mary M. Bartlett.

To Prove His Salesmanship

PROSPECTIVE SALESMAN (to sales-manager who has advertised for a salesman): I'm answering your ad in to-day's paper.

SALES-MANAGER: Had much experience?

PROSPECTIVE SALESMAN (confidently): Yes, sir. I've sold most everything in my time.

SALES-MANAGER: Then try selling me your services!

Utilizing Even That

WILLIS: They used to say that the packers wasted nothing of a pig except the squeal.

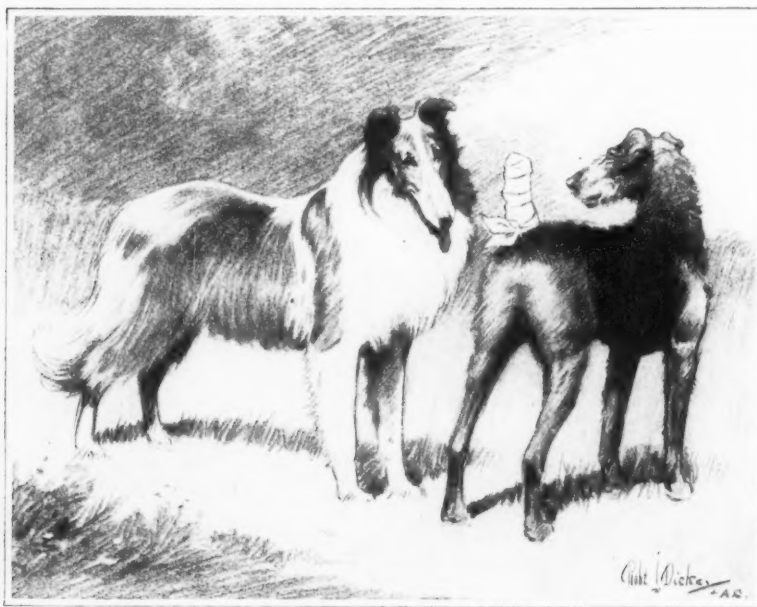
GILLIS: I understand now that they are even canning the squeal and putting it on the market in the form of grand opera phonograph records.

THE experienced woman knows that she can always make a man do what he wants to do.



THE CONSUMER'S IDEA OF IT

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou beside me,
 hanging in the wilderness"



"WHY HAVE YOU YOUR TAIL BANDAGED, RAGS?"
 "SINCE MASTER CAME HOME LAST WEEK I'VE ALMOST WAGGED IT OFF."

A Strike

THE other day the boss stopped at Wilton's desk and said: "I have decided to raise your salary again. After this you'll get twenty dollars a month more."

"Please don't do that!" exclaimed poor Wilton. "You don't realize what it would mean to us. The pay I get now is a burden to me and my wife, both. Every week the poor woman racks her brain trying to think up new ways of spending our income in futurity. She is all the time worrying for fear that perhaps month after next will find us with everything paid for and not a deficit anywhere in sight. Leave my pay as it is. The strain of evolving ways of spending any additional amount would be almost sure to kill the poor woman."

WHY take sleeping-powders when you can be an idealist?



ABSENT-MINDED SMITH SALUTES THE FLAG

Jews, Bolsheviks, and Dr. Simons

WHY don't the Jews spend more energy in advertising their good people, and less in trying to whitewash their scoundrels? When any group of bad Jews is exposed, the voice of Israel rises in calliopean tones, denouncing the outrage on the Chosen People.

Observe, for an example, the recent episode of Dr. Simons, described as the head of the Methodist Church in Russia, who came home from there, and testified (February 12th) before the Overman Investigation Committee of the Senate. The Overman Committee investigates foreign propaganda. Dr. Simons told its members that almost from the beginning the Bolshevik movement in Russia was led and agitated by apostate Jews, most of whom bore German names originally, but had changed them to Russian names. He said he was not anti-Semitic, that many of his best friends were Jews, and that he knew that the great



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

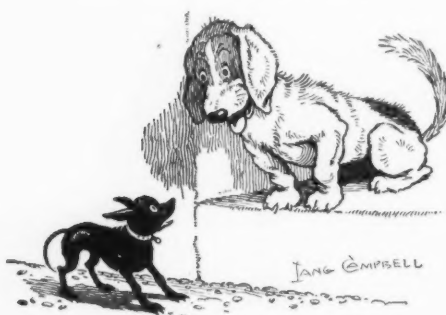
majority of Jews, both here and in Russia, were utterly opposed to the Bolshevik program, and ready to fight the red flag. The Bolshevik Jews, he said, were Jews in blood, but not in religion. They were haters of all religion. A number of them from New York's lower East Side turned up, he said, last July, before the Bolsheviks made their first bid for power, and he had talked with many of them. He said he did not believe it would have been possible for Bolshevism to succeed without the help it got from New York; that the country had been flooded with proclamations in Yiddish; that hundreds of Russians had said to him: "We know this is not a Russian government. It is German first and Jewish next. Very soon there is going to be a big pogrom."

A pogrom! That is the worst of it. When the settlement comes with these apostate Jewish scoundrels who have been leaders in the Bolshevik horrors, there is danger that the great mass of Jews in Russia, who are neither Bolshevik nor apostate, will be involved. It is a very serious matter.

But how do leading Jews in New York deal with this testimony of Dr. Simons? Instead of consulting him, getting help from him, trying to stimulate discrimination in the public mind between decent Jews and Bolsheviks, they pitch into him hammer and tongs, and with horns and cymbals, because he said the East Side in New York had been the cradle of Bolshevism for Russia. Whatever is the Jewish equivalent for "Hey, Rube!" being raised, Louis Marshall comes to the front with an opinion that Dr. Simons' statements are inaccurate, un-



THE ANT—AND



"YOU'D BETTER TAKE MY ADVICE, MR. CHIHUAHUA, AND USE SOME HAIR RESTORER BEFORE FLY-TIME COMES AROUND."

reliable and unfair; Jacob Schiff gives testimony that "the unwarranted attack of this Dr. Simons, whoever he may be, is libelous;" Rev. James Byrnes, a Roman Catholic clergyman in Grand Street, deposes that the Jews down there are a very good people, and "most of what you hear and read about them are damnable lies." Governor Alfred Smith, evidently without any definite idea what is the matter, says that anyone who doubts the "loyalty, patriotism or devotion" of the East Side, speaks without knowledge. Ex-Candidate Hughes says the thrift of the East Side is at-

tested by savings banks' deposits, and its patriotism by the boys it sent to the front, and Mayor Hylan finds "the Rev. Simons' testimony * * * placing the great mass of law-abiding and America-loving Jews of the East Side in a most unfavorable light is most regrettable and discouraging." There is no sign that any of these witnesses read the story they were called upon to denounce, except, perhaps, Louis Marshall. The others evidently had their strings pulled, and made the noises called for like so many mechanical puppets.

What Dr. Simons said confirms a



THE BUTTERFLY

great mass of prior information, and seems substantially true. It had nothing to do with the great mass of Jews on the East Side. It merely said that out of that quarter came the indispensable talent that put over Bolshevism in Russia. That the reputable Jewish brethren should wish to smoke-screen the rascals of the East Side and denounce Simons, who seems to be their good friend, is queer, but that is the sort of thing they usually do.

The apostate Jews are a good deal of a problem. A Jew does not necessarily become bad because he loses his religion, any more than a Christian does. But

the Jews, like the Bolshevik breed, who do go bad and become haters of religion and of all civilization that is based on it, are very dangerous animals indeed, and any help in running them down and digging them out of their holes should be welcomed by upright Jews as a service done their race.

But they are not the only dangerous revolutionists. The Bolshevik misery is recruited from other sources besides Jewish apostacy. One would have to hear evidence before venturing an opinion that Trotzky is worse than, for example, John Reed.

E. S. M.

Lieut.-Commander Pindle, U.S.N., Discharged, Has a Fatal Moment of Absent-Mindedness

From Lieutenant-Commander Pindle,
U. S. N.

To Miss Dolly Warren, Mess Attendant,
First Class.

Subject—Orders.

1. You are hereby detached from such duty as you may be performing on your present station and will proceed immediately to the Little Church Round the Corner, reporting to Lieutenant-Commander Pindle for marriage to that officer, and for such subsequent duties as he may assign you.

2. This assignment to shore duty and the travel and expense involved are required by the public interests.

(Signed)

AMOS D. PINDLE, Lt.-Comm'd'r,
Commanding.

"PROMPTNESS is essential."

"Then I know I can't fill the position," sighed the returned soldier, as he started to leave the room. "All the training I ever had was in getting out the United States casualty lists."



THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA



MARCH 13
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 73
No. 1898

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

ANDREW MILLER, *President and Treasurer*

JAMES S. METCALFE, *Secretary*

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



ABOUT the time this issue of LIFE comes out Mr. Wilson will be back in France

putting his shoulder again to the wheel of nations and trying to put it over to where it belongs.

He had a strenuous visit here. It must have been hard work, but it was worth while. On the whole, he got help for his plans for preserving the peace of the world. Congress passed his money bills—some of them—and Senators Lodge and Knox assisted his efforts to devise a League of Nations by serious and extended criticism of the preliminary draft for such a League that he brought over with him.

Neither Mr. Lodge nor Mr. Knox thinks at all well of the instrument which Mr. Wilson has had a hand in making and the chief hand in getting adopted. It seems safe to surmise that if either of them had felt at liberty to express bluntly his feelings about the document he would have said, "Take that thing away! It's no good!" But the document was too important for such summary treatment. Representatives of the five strongest nations in the world had signed it, and in these States the feeling for it, or for something like it, was too strong to be trifled with. Ex-President Taft was stumping the country in support of it, with backing from such Republicans as President Lowell of Harvard. President Butler of Columbia had issued warning to his fellow partisans that they must not range themselves in opposition to the idea of a plan to insure world peace, and former Republican Secretary of War Stimson had

made a deposition to the same effect. The Democratic party was being marshalled in support of a definite plan to bind over the world to keep the peace, the idea was almost universally popular, and the Republican party could not be held together in opposition to it. So Mr. Lodge and Mr. Knox gave over consideration of Mr. Wilson's general delinquencies and great breach of presidential deportment in playing hookey and going off to Europe, and put their minds seriously on the proposal that he had brought back. The result was two important speeches in the Senate.



BOTH Mr. Lodge and Mr. Knox introduced their remarks with assurance that they were not captious opponents of world-peace, but would go as far and pay as high as anybody would to get it, and support any reasonable plan that gave fair promise to produce it, and then each went on to depose at length and in detail why Mr. Wilson's plan, in so far as the rough draft of it indicated, failed to give such promise, but seemed more likely to bring on another war in due time, and meanwhile to knock the power, prosperity, liberty and reputation of the United States into a cocked hat.

That was something like. It was time that this world-peace effort was taken seriously by Republicans in the Senate and disengaged from such defunct issues as the propriety of Mr. Wilson's leaving home and intruding on Europe and his right to speak for the

United States. Since he has spoken for the United States, and Europe has heard him gladly, and the United States has shown such unmistakable symptoms of backing him up, it was high time to consider what he had been talking about.

Mr. Lodge and Mr. Knox searched the rough draft of the Peace League for weak spots, and seemed to find many. Doubtless they found more than there were, read into the draft a good deal that it does not contain, read out of it some things that are in it, and furnished it with unwarranted bugaboos. But that's no matter. By searching criticism they helped with the job. Nobody wants a no-good League for Peace. Whether the League works or not depends more upon the abilities and spirit of the nations that go into it and the depth of the lessons they learned in the war, than on the text of the document that records their agreement and defines what they are agreed about. Nevertheless, the document ought to be as good as human brains can make it, and clear and precise in its provisions, and Mr. Lodge and Mr. Knox contributed to demonstrate that at present the draft that Mr. Wilson brought out is not such a document. Mr. Wilson's great service has been to rally the people of Christendom to make a demand for lasting world-peace too strong to be ignored or suppressed. He has made possible the acceptance of a plan of unprecedented beneficence. But in perfecting that plan—since it is now likely to go through in some form—he ought to have the help—really the help—of the best brains in every country affected. It is a great thing that the matter has gone so far that it is dangerous now for the astute to flout or neglect it, and that even those who have no faith in it must apply themselves to see that it is no more dangerous and no more faulty than they can help.



NO document can hold the people of the world except in so far as they feel that it is necessary to be held by it. Our venerated Constitution, which is a mighty good document, only holds



U. S.: BUT, WAITER! I DIDN'T ORDER THIS WATER!
Waiter: NO, BUT YOUR FRIEND ORDERED IT FOR YOU

us to that extent. When conditions change and it begins to pinch us somewhere, the courts ease it up by a new interpretation. When we change it by amendment, and the enforcement of the amendment comes to look more troublesome and dangerous than the ailment it was devised to correct, the amendment is not enforced. The Constitution was made for the people, and has to keep on fitting them and to change as they change. They respect it, but it is no Procrustean bed.

It may well be the same way with the document that is devised to define the powers and duties of the League of Nations. It will be a working hypothesis for the promotion of harmony in world politics. War has come to be

such an abominable mess, so costly, beastly, comprehensive and destructive, that the bedeviled world is compelled, on pain of death, to make a desperate effort to be quit of it. This rough-hewn Peace League program is the first fruit of that effort. Mr. Wilson has helped to get it. Good on his head! Good on every head that helps with this immensely important, immensely appealing job! It needs all kinds of help. It deserves all kinds of help, because it is an effort to save the world from destruction. Who can help with advocacy, let them stand and appeal. Who can help with criticism, let them bring on their bears. Who can help with money, with power, with character, with strength, let them fetch along

those articles and make them operative in a great, a greatest, cause.



THE world of Europe is utterly changed, and is still changing at top speed. It has come to no settlement yet, and tranquillity and peaceful industry are things seen through a glass, dimly. Our own world is subject to fits, and has throes ahead of it. Mr. Lodge prophesies and would cast out devils in the name of George Washington and the Farewell Address, but it seems far from certain that our Father George would accept Mr. Lodge as his valid representative and spokesman. Washington's first thought was not to save his bacon. He became a rebel when rebellion was a scary enterprise. He went to war when war prospects were uninviting. He was leader in devising and accepting the Constitution when a written constitution was an untried novelty. He was leader in starting a republic in a monarchical world. When anything important was doing, Washington never got under the bed. On the contrary, he turned up among the first with his boots on. Those who tell us that, with the world in the fix that it is in now and with the strongest nation in it at his back, George Washington would give us timid counsels of aloofness, take serious chances of a cold reception when they meet the Father of His Country over there in the Beyond.

It may shock Mr. Lodge to think so, but, really, Mr. Wilson is cutting up very much more like what you would expect from a man of the adventurous propensities of Washington than Mr. Lodge is.

We go to press without the advantage of having read Mr. Wilson's address in New York, but on the whole his errand here seems to have been accomplished. What he said in Boston about the anxiety of Europe for fear the country would balk at the League has been confirmed from sources not especially friendly to him. Frank Simonds testifies to the same effect, and so does Mr. Wickersham.

But the United States will join the League. That seems sure.

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After V Probl
ENTERTAINING EX-RED

IFE



After Problems —

ERTAINING EX-RED CROSS NURSE



Still Room for the Elevator

THE call of the wild to the hunter; the lure of the sea to the sailorman; the dreariness of the plain to the mountaineer; the loneliness the city man feels when dusk comes on in the country and he hears the night sounds he neither understands nor loves—these are the things Dunsany embodies in his little fantasy, "The Tents of the Arabs." Here it is the charm of the hot desert that makes a king leave his throne for the joy and love that come in the vast wilds of sand, space and stars. It is a valid fascination he pictures for those whose imagination can rise above the commonplace of their daily lives. As stage entertainment it is not for the many, but it deserves the passing glance and gives the momentary pleasure that picture-lovers gain from those miniature paintings called Dresden gems.

Why Job should be dramatized, except for the pleasure the performers derive from their own declamation, is a mystery. We know from the catechism who was the first man, who was the strongest man and who was the wisest man, and from Mr Stuart Walker's stage presentation of "The Book of Job" we know who was—to use a colloquial vulgarism—the most persistent bellyacher of the Old Testament. Job was a poor loser, and the names he fastened on his daughters show that he was a spiteful old cuss. Boils were none too good for him, and there is nothing in the picturesque staging Mr. Walker gives him and the elocution of his woes that can make Job and his afflictions especially interesting.

Job is celebrated as a very patient man who was able to retain only a few friends. The mystery is that he could keep any at all or that any producer could expect patience from audiences to listen to the monotonous recitation of Job's troubles.



MR. WILLIAM WADE HINSHAW, President and General Manager of The American Singers, Inc., or someone representing that incorporation, should have hired space in the daily newspapers after the first presentation of "The Bohemian Girl," not to advertise the performance, but to apologize for it. There is a very kindly disposition on the part of both press and public towards anyone who will try to gain a hearing for the neglected operas that once were favorites, so that anyone who imposes on the public such a wretched presentation as that in question ought to make some amends. In staging, singing and general prepara-

tion the old opera, which needs every help that can be given to it to-day, was so badly done that New York might think The American Singers, Inc., regarded this town as a one-night-stand in darkest Indiana. With the Metropolitan and Chicago doing musical missionary work, New York has advanced beyond the backwoods stage. Whoever runs The American Singers, Inc., ought to realize that fact, and not try to take advantage of a public willing to support any honest effort to do the old things well.



FROM the first act of "The Fortune Teller" it seemed easy to argue a sure-fire success for the play. Then it began to roll down hill and never stopped. The play dealt ingeniously with the old theme of the mother who by her own fault has been driven from her child and in her later degradation encounters her offspring and strives to get back to the mother plane. After the first act, which is effective in dramatic action, the play talked itself to death.

Marjorie Rambeau scored an emotional success in the climax of the first act, where, as the derelict posing as a fortune-teller, she is able to gain an influence in the life of a son she believed she had lost forever. To redeem him she redeems herself, but later the failure of the play to rise to greater heights, her lack of convincing tones and her declamation to the audience direct served as a damper on further enthusiasm.

The moral of "The Fortune Teller" seems to be that in play-writing and acting it is not well to rely on the adage about putting one's best foot foremost.

Metcalf.



SCRIBBLE, THE WRITER, SEES THE ADVERTISEMENT OF THE PHOTOPLAY FOR WHICH HE RECEIVED TWELVE DOLLARS



WHY?

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. The star charming in a fairly interesting Chinese-American play.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. The sexual adventure of a London bachelor admirably staged.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night," by Messrs. Larric and Blum. Bedroom farce, fluffy and mildly funny.

Booth.—"The Woman in Room 13," by Messrs. Shipman and Marcin. Melodrama of crime and divorce. Well played and ingenious in plot.

Broadhurst.—"The Melting of Molly," by Davies, Smith and others. Girl-and-music show of the usual sort.

Casino.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Fairly diverting girl-and-music show.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow," by Mr. J. T. Foote. Pleasant and well acted light comedy with some delightful touches of Southern life.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bainsfather and Eliot. Successful and amusing dramatization of comic life in the trenches of the recent war.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Three interesting New York bachelors and episodes in their lives.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room," by Messrs. Collison and Harbach. A bit of feminine lingerie dramatized into a laughable farce.

Central.—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Ba-funno. Nonette and her fiddle emphasized in tuneful girl-and-music show.

Century Roof.—"After-the-theatre cabaret.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." Girl-and-music show lifted out of the usual rut.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was," by Mr. George M. Cohan, with the author in the leading rôle. Bright and laughable comedy of New York life.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus," by Sir J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Comedy fantasy dealing with the development of character.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Sinbad." The longest lived of the girl-and-music shows.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—Last week of Norah Bayes in "Ladies First." Songs, fun and something in the very light comedy line.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Net," by Maravene Thompson. Interesting melodrama with a study of amnesia and mother-love.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Samples of the French drama in almost all of its schools.

Fulton.—Last week of "The Riddle: Woman," with Mme. Bertha Kalich. Danish blackmail the theme of a fairly interesting play.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Considerable fun with Reno's divorce industry.

Globe.—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show backrounding the co-stars.

Greenwich Village.—"Hobohemia," by Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Having fun with New York's counterfeit highbrows.

Harris.—"The Invisible Foe," by Mr. Walter Hackett. Rather commonplace mixture of sentiment and spiritualism.

Henry Miller's.—"Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," by Mr. Laurence Eyre, with Mrs. Fiske. Well acted and agreeable comedy of New Orleans at carnival time.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Vaudeville, ballet and spectacle on big scale.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The comedy and pathos of the German-born American during the recent war.

Little.—"Please Get Married," by Messrs. Cullen and Browne. Risky but laughable and well played bedroom farce.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Interesting and well staged spy drama.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Cheery and very well acted comedy with the motive supplied by American bachelors and their adopted French war orphans.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. A new and interesting twist applied to crime melodrama.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Up to-date, witty and original polite American comedy.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks," by Mr. E. E. Rose. The funny side of the shipping business in San Francisco.

Park.—Light operas by American singers. See above.

Playhouse.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Alice Brady. The recent war supplying a dash of pep to an old-fashioned sentimental play.

Plymouth.—Tolstoy's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. The star and good company acting well a strong play of Russian degeneracy.

Princess.—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Hirsch. Small-sized but diverting girl-and-music show.

Punch and Judy.—"The Book of Job" and Dunsany's "The Tents of the Arabs." See above.

Republic.—"The Fortune Teller," by Mr. L. G. Osmun, with Marjorie Rambeau. See above.

Selwyn.—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Selwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. The emotions of a New York telephone girl causing a break in the recent war.

Shubert.—"Good Morning, Judge." Pinero's "The Magistrate" made the basis of a musical comedy.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Keep It to Yourself." Adapted from the French by Mr. Mark Swan. Risky but laugh-compelling farce.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. Sleeping-car comedy with interesting incidents.

Winter Garden.—"Monte Cristo, Jr." Big and gorgeously mounted girl-and-music show.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—A popular excuse for staying out of bed after midnight.

Picardy

OH, little lass of Picardy,
 Like Cinderella garbed in gray,
 The ashes of your poverty
 Show tinge of rosy flame to-day.
 Prince Charming, from a far-off land,
 Shall through your broken kingdom
 pass,
 And you shall rise, at his command,
 In fairy slippers made of glass!

It seemed a winsome fairy tale;
 But fairy tales are sometimes true—
 A fairy mother scarce could fail
 To work a magic charm for you!
 We'll greet you in your regal gown,
 With stars of triumph on your brow.
 Our age shall sing your great renown—
 Your herald blows his bugle now!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

Bone-Dry Literature Coming

THE modern writer has a new problem to face. National Prohibition will make literature "dry." The hero may still flick the ashes from his cigarette, but when the time comes for him to take a drink he must order a chocolate soda. There is a chance for a new school here. In the future we may read: "She sipped her buttermilk slowly and calmly noted its effect. After the second bottle she was a woman emancipated. She reached across the table and untied her handsome admirer's cravat. (To be continued.)"



Mrs. Smith of Kansas: } MY! BUT THESE NEW YORKERS PUT ON AIRS!
 Mrs. Brown of Ohio: }

The French Babies

LIFE has received, altogether, for the French war orphans \$321,240.92, from which 1,785,476.75 francs have been remitted to Paris. We gratefully acknowledge from

The American Fire Fighters' Fund, collected through the *Firemen's Herald*, New York City, for Babies Nos. 3654 and 3655 \$146

The Household Arts Department of the Highland Park High School, Highland Park, Mich., for Baby No. 3658..... 73

RENEWALS: A. F. Way, Westfield, Mass., \$18.25; In memory of Jessie and Duke, Syracuse, N. Y., \$146; Mrs. John Prince Elton, Waterbury, Conn., \$73; Marguerite, Chester, James and Alice Doubleday, New York City, \$73; Elizabeth Spicer, Noank, Conn., \$73; Diana Nash, Cleveland, Ohio, \$73; Margaret and Elizabeth Leland, Boston, Mass., \$146.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Clara Goodwin, Brookline, Mass., \$6; In loving memory of Mary R. Hall, Oberlin, Ohio, \$37.50; "In memory of Lieut. T. J. O'Connor," \$25; Mrs. Paul Bloomhardt and Miss Ruth Dean, Williamsburg, Pa., \$19; Robinson's Men's Class, Methodist Temple of Russellville, Ky., \$10.

BABY NUMBER 3645

Already acknowledged	\$32.76
Thomas Gilman Barber and Marguerite Annie Barber, Reading, Mass.	2
Dorothy Kiely and Ruth Parkison, Butte, Mont.	7.50
Junior Red Cross of Cedarville School, Howe, Idaho.	18.40
Anonymous, Rockford, Ill.	3
A Naval Reserve just returned from Foreign Service.	5
Mrs. H. W. MacKenzie, Portsmouth, Va.	4.34

\$73

BABY NUMBER 3656

Mrs. H. W. MacKenzie, Portsmouth, Va.	\$5.66
Howard Hodgson, U. S. S. New York.	18
Elizabeth R. Davis, New York City.	30.50
Greenwood Presbyterian Sunday School, Greenwood, S. C.	12

\$72.16

BABY NUMBER 3657

Motion Picture Department of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.	\$40
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HIS MASTER'S VOICE

IT is blessed to go through life with an ambition, but don't overlook the importance of enjoying the scenery on the way.



WE LIVE AND LEARN

A Letter of Protest

TO THE POWERS THAT BE,
Sunrise Avenue, Corner of Milky Way.

GENTLEMEN: We are in receipt of a six-and-one-half-pound infant forwarded to us from your establishment, and beg to report that same has arrived in good condition. We regret

to state, however, that he came without any baggage, and in such a helpless state that we shall be compelled to furnish him with board and lodging and necessary covering for a number of years to come.

He appears to have a very uneven disposition, and has acquired the unfortunate habit of attracting to our home

certain relatives who, before his arrival, made our life exceedingly pleasant by their absence.

He cries for food continually, and as food, at the present time, is very high, we can look ahead and see that he is going to be a source of continuous expense to us. His one merit appears to be that he is not able to talk. He man-

ages, however, to counteract this by other sounds which are not wholly agreeable, especially from one to three o'clock in the morning, when we have arrived home from some pleasant evening gathering and need the necessary rest in order to recuperate our energies for the following day.

He insists on having his meals brought to him at all hours of the day and night by an outwardly pleasant but inwardly officious person who has practically taken charge of the whole household.

At present this consignment has developed no powers of locomotion, and has to be taken out in the fresh air every day, covered with expensive rugs imported from distant countries.

When he first came, he was somewhat a novelty of conversation among the female members of the household, and afforded them an opportunity to stop talking about their games of golf, their war work and other subjects upon which they have been dilating for several years. We regret to say, however, that the novelty has now worn off.

His looks and general appearance are a matter of continual dispute, particularly among the male members, who are almost unanimous in agreeing that he is not prepossessing. He is declared to bear a startling resemblance to certain of these male members, who, being of strong courage, bear the news with resignation and with a show of outward complacency.

While we feel a certain obligation to keep him on hand, in view of all the circumstances, we are telling you frankly our opinion in the hope that when you forward another consignment you will bear these facts in mind, and see if you cannot do better by us next time.

It is, of course, always possible that we may be happily disappointed, and that this particular consignment may turn out better in the future than the present indications would warrant, but our personal observation and experience, extending over quite a long period, are not provocative of much hope in this direction.

Yours very truly,
THE FAMILY.

"WHAT sort of a honeymoon did you have?"

"Government controlled."

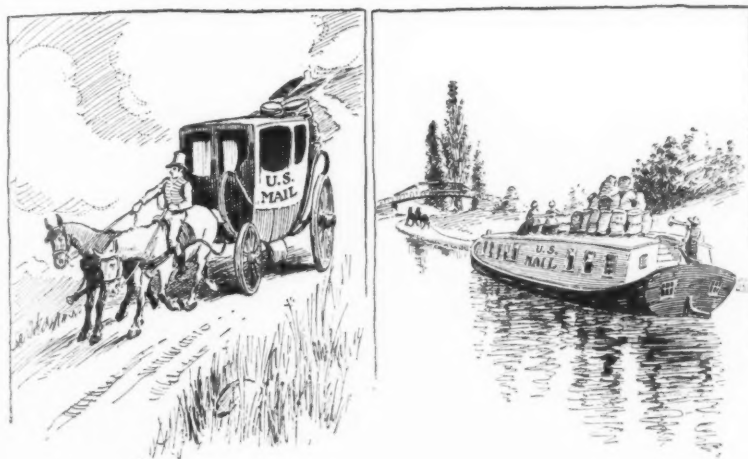


LEST WE FORGET

HOW TO ANSWER THE HUN WHO SEEKS TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU



HIS TRAIN



TRANSPORTING THE MAILS
JUDGING ENTIRELY FROM RESULTS

Sayings of Famous Bolsheviks

IVAN ODOROSKI: A bomb! A bomb! My whiskers for a bomb!

ALEXIS ANIMALOFF: I regret that I have only nine followers to raise hob with against my country.

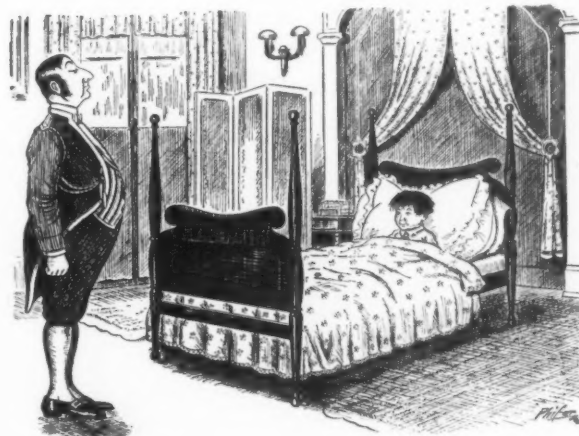
FEODOR FILTHSKI: We must all conspire together as well as separately.

BORIS BLOODUSTIOFF: You can betray some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time; but, personally, I aim to betray all of the people all of the time.

VALIDIMIR VILLAINIK: The world must be made safe for licentiousness.

"NOW that my husband has retired from active business he notices all the pretty young girls."

"How fortunate for you both that he still has something to occupy his mind."



EDDIE'S DREAM OF WEALTH

"WILL YOU HAVE BREAKFAST SERVED IN THE SUN ROOM OR IN BED, SIR?"

Living Sub-Rosa

ALL governments to-day are divided into two—there is the exoteric government and the esoteric government. The germ of latter form is found in the carpetbag government in the South just after the Civil War. To-day the esoteric form in the United States seems to be centralizing around the bootlegger.

Within the visible, above-board government, in the near future, there will be an invisible government of the bootlegger, for the bootlegger and by the bootlegger. A great idea, such as this, once set in motion, must ramify. The country will, we doubt not, be divided into radical bootleggers, conservative bootleggers and mugwump bootleggers.

Liberty of thought and action will be carried on sub-rosa. You will meet bootleggers of ideas on the streets who will hand you out some new theory about something for a dollar or two; bootleggers of humorous papers, theatre-ticket bootleggers, who will furnish you with full directions and passwords to plays, performed underground, that have not the sanction of the authorities; bootleggers who will sell you forged passports to be on the streets after 10 P. M.; latchkey bootleggers, and those who will sell you the dangerous preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

We Americans are always looking for something new and titillating. Here are novelty, science-and danger all combined.

Then Here's to Hope

'TIS told, fair Hope, that you are but a tricky elf,
 And that a siren song to hearts you sing;
 Elusive as the rose mists of the mystic dawn,
 Or flick'ring shadows of the night moth's wing.
 'Tis whispered low, sweet Hope, those fair bright dreams
 you weave

Are wove from moonshine, irised o'er with dew,
 As false as the mirage that's painted on the sky,
 And still, my Hope, here's faith and trust to you.
 When wrapped within the magic of your wondrous dreams,
 When to my weary heart you sing your song,
 The courage then have I to walk the burning sands,
 And reach my quest, although the way be long.

Cora Lapham Hazard.

Announcement

MEPHISTOPHELES, INC., respectfully announce a new line of Devil Brand Evil and allied products for the 1919 season. With the cessation of war requirements, we are now released from our one hundred per cent. contract with the German Empire, and our total output can now be placed on the open market.

Special consideration will be given to Lenten customers and new accounts.

Service stations everywhere.



"SO HE'S A GREENWICH VILLAGE POET. HE LOOKS PROSPEROUS!"
 "HE IS. FOR TWO YEARS HE HAS BEEN WORKING IN A MUNI-
 TION PLANT."



A SAFE LANDING PLACE



THE FISK RUBBER CO. 1918

PROFESSIONAL MEN and business men to reach their full efficiency must work to a time schedule. Such men today more than ever are dependent on motor cars. Without good tires no car is dependable



TIRES of long endurance without interrupted running—

TIRES that ensure safety in slippery going and make sure the quick, sudden stop in congested traffic —

TIRES that lend an appearance of quality and of substantial stability in keeping with the car they carry —

SUCH ESSENTIALS as these, and a fundamental manufacturing, selling and service policy exceptional in plan and scope, make Fisk Non-skid Tires a satisfaction in use and an attractive investment value.

FISK NON-SKID TIRES



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A Friend in Need

MRS. FLATBUSH: Who is that man with the red nose you just bowed to?

MR. FLATBUSH: Oh, he's a man I met out West.

"He certainly is not a Prohibitionist, is he?"

"Why, I never had occasion to ask him, dear."

"But how did you happen to meet him?"

"Well, we were traveling out of Milwaukee on the same train one night, and he had a bottle, and I discovered that I had a corkscrew."

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"OFFICER, I've lost my wife. What would you advise me to do?"

"Enjoy yourself for the afternoon. She'll turn up at the hotel in three or four hours."—*Kansas City Journal.*



The Pup: THANK GOODNESS! THE BACK-BONE OF WINTER IS BROKEN!

Charged to Himself

The candidate was rather surprised, when he faced the "audience," to find it consisted of one solitary person. Realizing, however, that an election may be won by one, so to speak, he braced himself up and delivered his address as to a "packed house."

After an hour and a half of pledges and promises, he wound up with:

"And now, my dear sir, I will not encroach upon your valuable time any longer—"

"Oh, it's all right, guv'nor," interrupted the "audience." "Fire away! Don't mind me; I'm only your taxi-driver."—*Tit-Bits.*

Describing Him

"Your new hired man seems to be pretty stupid, Ezzy?"

"And he don't deceive his looks much, either," replied honest Farmer Hornbeak. "He knows less 'round the farm here every day than the average person does on the witness stand."

—*Country Gentleman.*

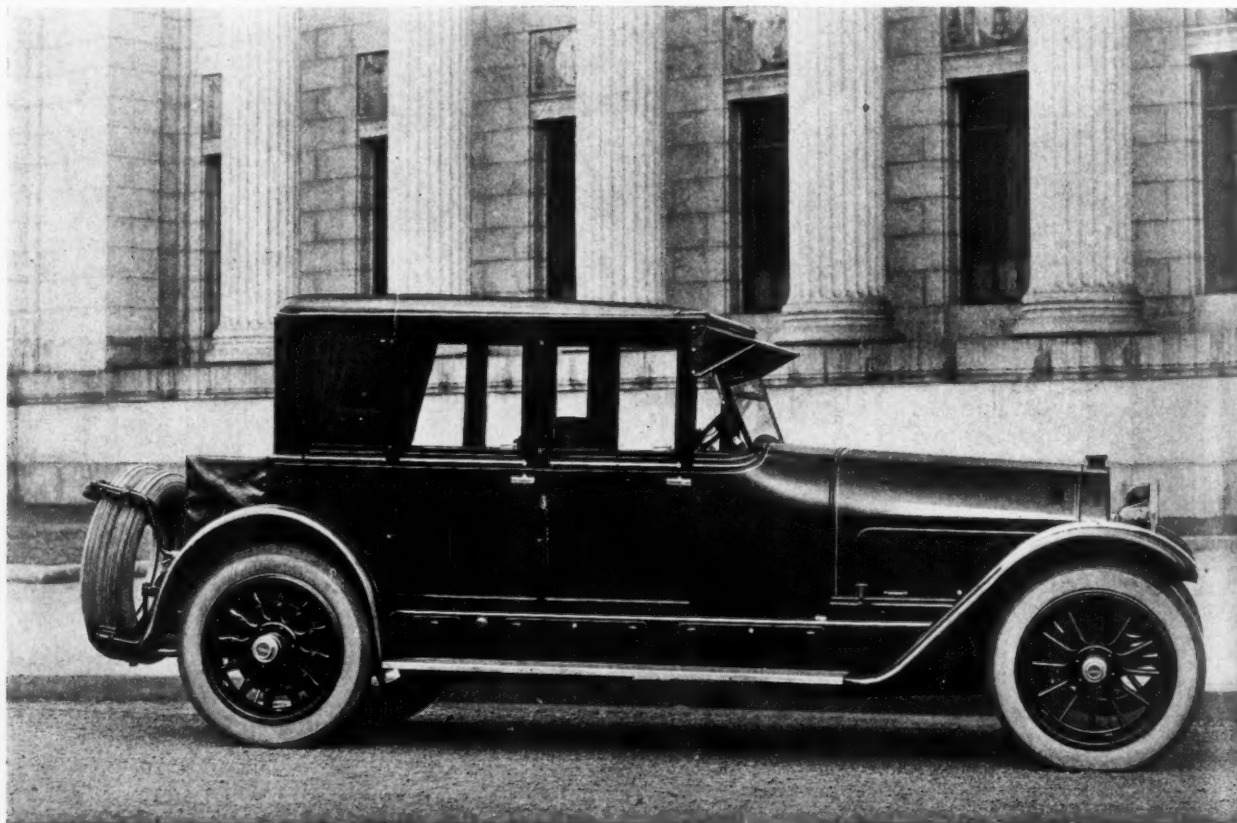
LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Four Passenger Sedan with Four Doors

SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND BUILT TO FIT A THREE YEAR OLD LOCOMOBILE CHASSIS

Custom Department
The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE FRANKLIN CAR

A PRODUCT of superior quality—fine in structure, fine in appearance and fine in action—it embodies simplicity and endurance. To all who consider ease and safety of handling, comfort and economy, it stands alone. Stripped of 177 non-essential parts incident to water-cooling, and unnecessary weight, it gives a service unequalled in the fine car class.

The Franklin Car is, equally useful summer or winter—no water to boil or freeze; equally at home on smooth streets or on rough roads. And it gives to owners consistent records of:

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000
50% slower depreciation than in any other fine car.*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

*What a Doctor Owner
Recently Had to Say:*

"Its ease of manipulation and superb riding qualities have greatly eased the long hours which my profession requires. This was especially apparent during the hard work I recently went through in the influenza epidemic."



The Derby Hat
is King again
and the
DUNLAP
embodies all
the essentials
of perfection-
color, style
and utility.
The best at
any price

180 Fifth Avenue
181 Broadway
New York
22 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago

Agencies in all
Principal Cities

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Change

"It used to be said that anybody could farm—that about all that was required was a strong back and a weak mind," mused the gaunt Missourian. "But now—days, to be a successful farmer a feller must have a good head and a wide education in order to understand the advice ladled out to him from all sides by city men and to select for use that which will do him the least damage."

—Country Gentleman.

"SHE says she prefers to do her shopping by telephone."

"Why so?"

"Says she can't bear to see how little she is getting for the money."

—London Opinion.

MRS. A.: Which of your social duties do you find the most trying?

MRS. B.: To appear interested in the things that don't interest me.

—Boston Transcript.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

GEORGIE, Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
but immediately assuaged their pre-
tended grief by allowing them to
look at the latest copy of LIFE, to
which, being a discerning as well as a
precocious lad, he was a regular, an-
nual subscriber.

Wrong Direction

The soldier whose specialty had been sewer trenches for some months past, was found leaning on his shovel.

"What are you dreaming about now?" the non-com asked.

"I was just thinking," responded the shovel wielder, "that if these ditches were straight up and down instead of lengthwise, I'd have dug my way back home long before this."—The Spiker (Engineers Railway, U. S. Army).

A COLORED veteran just back from the other side when questioned about an iron cross he was wearing explained:

"Boss, it was a extra decoration. De Kaiser hisself sent it to me by a special messenger what dropped daid jus' befo' he give it to me."—N. Y. Globe.

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

is a deodorant
for body odors

"Mum" neutralizes body odors as they occur—whether from perspiration or other causes.

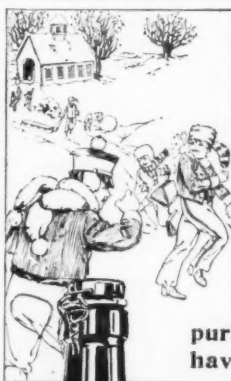
"Mum" is easy to use and lasts from bath to bath.

Use "Mum" daily the year round.

25 cents—nine out of 10 drug- and department-stores sell "Mum."

"Mum" is a trade mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia



Piso's reputation became established in Grandfather's school days when winter snow frolics caused the same throat irritations they do today.

Time has tried and proved Piso's worthiness. Its purity and effectiveness have placed it in thousands of carefully stocked home medicine chests.

Your Druggist sells Piso's
with a guarantee
30c a bottle

Contains No Opiate.
Safe for Young and Old.



PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

THROAT

LUDEN'S

GIVE QUICK RELIEF

NAME ON EVERY DROP

When You're Out-of-Doors

take Luden's along and keep your throat free from dryness, huskiness and irritation. No coloring, no narcotics. Carry Luden's with you always.

Look for the Luden yellow, dust-proof package.

Wm. H. Luden - Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS



LEARN CARTOONING AT HOME

Complete method in one volume. Full instructions, nearly 1000 cartoons, easy and comprehensive system, quickly learned, in demand by publications paying big prices. Complete set price \$1, or full information and set of cartoons 35c. SECY CARTOON PUB. CO. Los Angeles, Cal.



IF A BOLSHEVIK SHOULD STOP AND REFLECT



"Your Nose Knows"

All smoking tobaccos use some flavoring. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, . . . on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed . . . the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Tuxedo uses *chocolate*—the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings! Everybody likes chocolate—we all know that chocolate added to anything as a flavoring always makes that thing still more

enjoyable. That is why a dash of *chocolate*, added to the most carefully selected and properly aged burley tobacco, makes Tuxedo more enjoyable—"Your Nose Knows."

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then, smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette



Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



The most expensive of all Top Materials—the quality product backed by a quarter century's service and reputation

Genuine
Pantasote
Top Material

is standard equipment on America's finest cars.

PIERCE ARROW	MARMON	MERCER	WHITE	COLUMBIA
SCRIPPS BOOTH	PREMIER	REO SIX	COLE	CADILLAC
LOCOMOBILE		HUDSON		CHALMERS

Look for Pantasote Label inside the top—it protects you against substitution which is not uncommon

The Pantasote Company - Bowling Green Building, New York City

The Castle of Chillon



OPEN SUNDAYS

Your Boy's Future

THE first long trousers mark a milestone in your boy's career. During the years from ten years on he is a rapid and impressionable reader. It is during this period that *The American Boy* exerts a sound and healthy influence on his mental and habit development. Parents of more than 500,000 American boys find in its pages clean, healthy entertainment and practical inspiration for their sons' present amusement and future growth. A moderate investment with incalculable dividends—

\$2.00 a year—20c a copy on newsstands.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
5 American Building Detroit, Michigan

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World"



Where is Dooley?

F. P. A., restored to public service by the dawn of peace, and adding once more in the *Tribune* to gaiety and wisdom, is timely at least in saying:

To our notion, the most conspicuous slacker in this war has been Mr. Dooley. We should rather have read his animadversions on the whole business, including the present harmony, than anybody else's we can think of.

As to the war, to our mind it was too grave and went too fast for Dooley. You could not laugh at it; it was hard even to laugh about it, though the British did. But present concerns, from the Peace Council to the Anti-Saloon League, are furnished with ideal Dooley topics in inexhaustible supply.

The world is full of bitterness and contention. It still bleeds in spots, and starves in other spots, and clamors all over, and has very hard and quarrelsome jobs ahead before it can reach even the foothills of tranquillity. If there are humorists still alive who can sweeten reason with laughter, dig them out by all means and start them going. If the old, incomparable Dooley still exists and can be put into action, the world needs him now as it never did before. Truly the laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but of quite a different order is the laughter of a wise man, and the old Dooley of Archey Road was all of that.

Prod him up, F. P. A.! Bring him out, F. P. D.! The world needs him.



TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES
KEEPS HER TRESSES SHINING BY THE USE OF
WHITING-ADAMS
HAIR BRUSHES

RECOGNIZED BY ALL DEALERS AS THE BEST
Made in many patterns of imported woods and highest grade of bristles. Nothing better made.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 108 Years and the Largest in the World

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor that Always Runs"

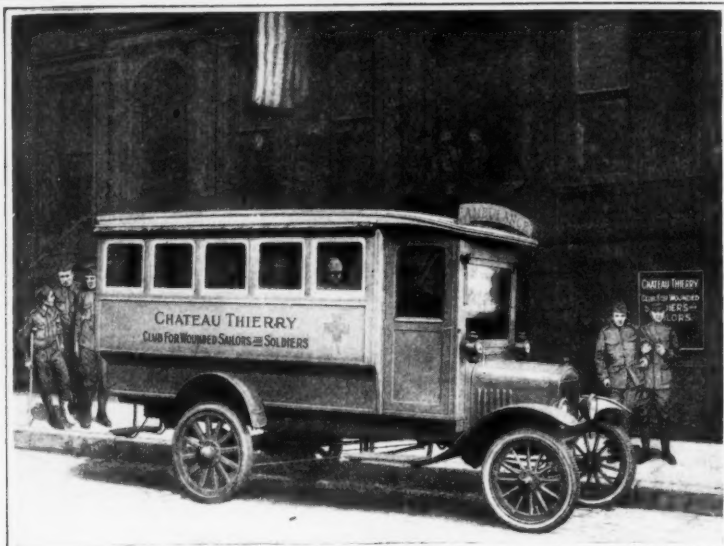


THE Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor is so ungrudging and unflagging in its performance that it has come to be known as *the motor that always runs*. Nothing our salesmen can say about the car can be as convincing as the statements of its owners. The man who has driven a Willys-Knight car thousands of miles becomes so enthusiastic over the sleeve-valve motor that he rarely ever is content until he prevails upon his friends to profit by his experience. This staunch allegiance of Willys-Knight owners has given rise to the expression—"Once a Willys-Knight owner always a Willys-Knight owner."



WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight Touring—Four, \$1725—Eight, \$2750; Seven Passenger Sedan—Four, \$2750—Eight, \$3475. Prices f. o. b. Toledo
CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA



IS THE WAR OVER?

A large proportion of genuinely patriotic citizens have already settled back in the conviction that the war is over. Are you of that number?

This unconscious and innocent relaxing of interest is quite human and natural. We are all busy with our own affairs. The fighting has stopped, but how about our boys? Look at the casualty lists. Think of the number of American soldiers still in Europe. Think of the men constantly coming back. And think of the wounded who must be cared for.

Think of the Chateau Thierry Club. Do you know about this club? Briefly, it was founded by a group of volunteer men and women, serving without compensation, so that every dollar received goes to the boys with wound stripes. Its object is their entertainment and comfort.

This club is located at the foot of Fiftieth Street, New York City, overlooking the East River. The boys can drop in at any time. There is music. There is current reading material. There are "eats." There are cheerful women. There is a free and easy home atmosphere.

Do they like it? They do. Is it doing them good? It is. Does it afford them a comfortable shelter and keep them away from other influences? It does.

Will you help? You will. We are depending upon the hearty and patriotic co-operation of all Americans. Every dollar you give goes direct to the consumer, and that consumer is the boy you love—the wounded boy from France.

Please send your contributions to
WILSON M. POWELL, Treas., 21 Beekman Pl., New York City.

HARRY K. KNAPP, President.
W. E. FREW, Vice-Pres.
S. K. DE FOREST, Sec'y.

Mrs. Jones Visits the Inaninch Apartments

"A H, good morning, Mrs. Jones! Welcome to the Inaninch Apartments! You say you found the elevator quite cramped and had to run it yourself. Why, how droll! You took the dumbwaiter. But notice how economical of space and how compact all the arrangements are. True, one must pass through the bathroom to reach the parlor, but then the architect was limited. And, like Kipling and his fun, we've taken our baths where we found them.

"Just step in here, Mrs. Jones. This is the butler's pantry, also his bedroom. You just open this closet door, and out folds a bed. That lump in the middle of the bed? Oh, that's the butler. Mondays, Thursdays and Sundays are his mornings for sleeping late.

"Yes, this is the kitchen. It is rather small and not as well ventilated as it might be. But there are never any accidents, if the cook will only remember to put on her gas mask when preparing cabbage or serving cheese soufflé. True, dinner is sometimes late. The cook can never remember whether to ring twice for the ice box and three times for the stove or just the opposite.

"You must come and visit us sometime, Mrs. Jones. This dining room is also the guest room. It's an idea of my husband, who says a guest never uses his room during meal-hours, anyway. The bed is in the sideboard. My niece was visiting us one time, and woke quite embarrassed one morning to find the butler reaching across her for the grape-fruit spoons. Being a tactful person, he at once set her at her ease by serving her breakfast in bed.

"Do we keep any pets? Well, of course, there's the cook, but we have no animals. You see, when we first moved in here and considered it, my husband looked around and put his foot down—in the first available space. 'My dear,' he said, 'it's either a goldfish bowl or a bathtub. Choose!'

"So glad you called, Mrs. Jones. The stairway is to your right. That's the mail chute to your left. Good-bye."

Fairfax D. Downey.



"AW, GO ON, PERCY—KNOCK THE CHIP OFF HIS SHOULDER. YOU KIN RUN FASTER'N HE KIN"

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A Card

TO THE PUBLIC: The armed forces of the United States of America, having learned on good authority that it is the intention of the saviors of civilization to seek out and punish those responsible for atrocities committed during the war, and desirous of assisting in this work, particularly as it concerns such atrocities most directly affecting the aforesaid armed forces, hereby give notice of their willingness and desire to seek out and administer adequate reprisal upon the following, to wit:

1. The writers, publishers and singers of nine thousand, two hundred and seventy-six alleged patriotic songs.

2. The party or parties guilty of originating the term "Sammies" as applied to the armed forces of the United States.

3. The persons responsible for some score of books designed and advertised to teach aforesaid armed forces the French language in ten easy lessons.

4. Motion-picture directors who permitted actors impersonating first lieutenants to appear wearing a sergeant's chevrons and *vice versa*.

5. Authors of ninety-eight per cent. of the war verse appearing in the magazines and metropolitan and rural press.

6. Mediocre actors who used the flag and references to "our boys" to gain applause.

7. Profiteers who introduced shoddy into our clothing, paper into our shoes, and materials even less palatable and digestible into some of our prepared foods.

8. Slackers, slickers and those who sought to hinder the Liberty Loan and various war-work drives.

9. Suffrage and Prohibition radicals who sought to hold up important war legislation by introducing into pending bills riders intended to force their side-issues through Congress.



She: IF I MARRY YOU, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THAT DOG. I DON'T LIKE HIM.

Experience—
the best
teacher

The universal endorsement, given the **GEM Razor** by the hundreds of thousands of its users throughout the world, for over 25 years, has been its best salesman—men who have had actual experience, who have given the **GEM** the severest tests, are first to recommend it—millions now in use.

*All beards look alike to a **GEM Blade**—no pulling, no scraping, no skipping, but a clean, smooth shave—and it's the same story blade after blade.*

The separate parts as included in outfit are shown in illustration both inside and outside of case.




\$1.00 **GEM Outfit Complete**

Includes frame, shaving and stopping handles and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for traveling.

Add 50 cents to above price, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal



STARCHED OR SOFT
THE
ARROW
IS A DEPENDABLE INDICATOR
OF A SMART SATISFACTORY
• **COLLAR** •

CLUETT • PEABODY & CO. INC. Troy, N.Y.

Have you missed Cream Peppermints?

You can get them again now—or old-fashioned molasses candy, or taffy, or bonbons or any other of the many favorite Huyler candies, which were hard to get during the war.

Huyler's agencies and stores again have complete varieties.

Ask again for your favorite

Huyler's
NEW YORK
67 Stores — Agencies
almost everywhere

In Canada—many agencies; factory and store in Toronto

The City That Was

HE strolled up Broadway, entered a popular resort, and sat down leisurely at one of the tables. It seemed good to be there. The glitter and the light warmed his jaded fancy. But the faces of those he saw! How drear and twisted!

"Give me a dry Martini," he said to the waiter.

"We serve no alcoholic drinks here, sir."

He rose dumbly and passed on. To have bandied words with the servitor would have shown a lack of dignity. He passed to the next caravanserai. The same old glitter and lights and crowds—crowds of restless people, dressed in white chokers, with bald heads and fanatical features, and among them an occasional old soak that did his heart good to look upon.

"Give me a Manhattan cocktail," he said.

"Nothing hard, sir, I'm sorry to say."

Once more he rose. He passed out. The Great White Way gleamed as gloriously as ever. Silently, patiently he passed through the old haunts. Each time he varied his request—highballs, ginrickies—all the drinks he could remember, but the answer was always the same. And those grim, shuddering faces about him—it was awful! And suddenly he realized the truth.

He had passed over.

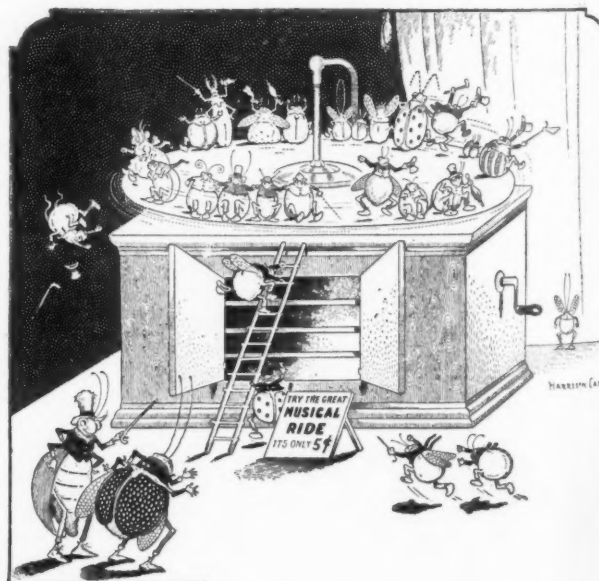
He wanted to make sure, so he hurried into a newspaper office and asked for the back file. Yes, there was the notice of his death, staring him in his dread consciousness. He was dead—he had been dead since June, 1919, and he had not known it!

Surely the head man must be at the City Hall. He hurried there. And then, just as he went in, the head man came out. The visitor knew it was he at once by his regal bearing. The visitor stopped him.

"Excuse me, your honor, or your majesty," he said, "but is this New York or Hell?"

His majesty smiled.

"It was New York," he said, "but we are using it as an annex to take care of the overflow."



"HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW MUSIC BOX?"

"GREAT! IT WASN'T MUCH OF A SUCCESS AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, BUT SINCE I OPENED IT UP AS A MERRY-GO-ROUND I CAN'T BEGIN TO HANDLE THE BUSINESS."

Itching Rashes — Soothed — With Cuticura

All Druggists: Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, Talcum 25¢.
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

A Morning Conversation

"I HEAR you are building another house."

The two magnates sat smoking on the veranda of the country club.

"I am," said the one addressed, "and I sometimes wish I hadn't started it."

"Are you in deep?"

"Oh, it isn't that. I am keeping it well within two millions, but it's a great bother."

"What did you do it for?"

"For charity. I'm doing it for the masses. It keeps 'em going. I employ painters and builders and plumbers and masons and a whole bunch of others. It keeps 'em good natured."

He turned to his friend.

"But I sometimes think," he added, "that they don't appreciate it."

"They don't," said the first magnate solemnly. "They think it is all done for display. The papers are already beginning to print articles about your new place."

"That's it. Stirring up all the anarchists. Why, the other day my wife gave a cotillion. She didn't want to do it, but I told her we must keep some money in circulation. It cost me fifty thousand dollars, but no one seemed to realize that we were trying to help the poor. Why, we had ten thousand dollars' worth of flowers. This alone must have kept hundreds of men busy for days. If we should stop spending money, think of the condition this country would be in; and yet they don't seem to think of that."

The second magnate sighed deeply.

"What's the use?" he asked grimly. "It's all lost. Let's go back to the simple life."

"Dear me! I'm there now. I wouldn't live in the places I build if you gave



W. L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

If you have been paying \$10.00 to \$12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

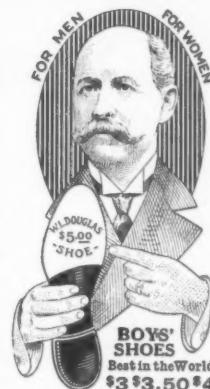
Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from factory by mail. Parcel Post charges prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. Douglas
Shoe Co., 147 Spark St.,
Brockton, Mass.



AUNT MARY HAS BEEN ADVISED BY HER DOCTOR TO TAKE UP GOLF, BUT REFUSES TO MAKE HERSELF LOOK RIDICULOUS OR CONSPICUOUS BY WEARING THOSE FUNNY GOLF CLOTHES



The Pleasures of Life

Beating
Bogie



ISN'T it a pleasure to meet a person with a frank, open smile and a hearty laugh?

You need not be ashamed to smile if you use Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice. It does everything that a good dentifrice can and should do. It cleans and whitens the teeth, keeps healthy teeth sound and leaves a refreshed, pleasant aftertaste.

Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice is formulated in accordance with the latest accepted theories of dental science; the best and purest ingredients are used.

Dr. Sheffield's is extremely reasonable in price—10c and 25c. As the oldest, most experienced tooth paste manufacturers in America, it is our belief that a better dentifrice cannot be produced.

Ask your druggist for

DR. SHEFFIELD'S CRÈME DENTIFRICE ESTABLISHED 1850

Send 1c in stamps for a medium-size tube, or 25c for full size. Note how pleasantly and thoroughly this exquisite dentifrice does its work. Sheffield Dentifrice Company, 421 Canal St., New York City.



Famous Golf Course Series No. 1



*At Palm Beach where the
Champions gather—*

AMID the palms and tropical plants that surround the well-known links at Palm Beach, famous players make world records in the Ancient Game—good games with good tools including

DUNLOP "Vacs"

Don't handicap yourself by using anything but the best in golf equipment. Exact balance, accurate weight, true shape, firmness, resiliency, are assured in a Dunlop "Vac." A vacuum process eliminates every bubble of disturbing air.

Buy them of your "pro"; he'll tell you they are the best: and He Knows.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., Ltd.

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

NEW YORK: T. W. Niblett, Suite 2014-V, 305 Fifth Ave.

TORONTO: Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd.

them to me. I keep three yachts in commission, but I never use 'em. I live in a hotel most of the time. The girls splurge around, but they only do it because they've got the habit. They'd be glad enough to resign if they could. But it's expected of 'em, and if they stopped there would be such a howl raised we'd have to live abroad. And I must say, I like my native land."

There was a pause, as the two magnates thought it over.

The first magnate went on.

"I can't eat more than three meals a day," he said, "and, indeed, am coming gradually to two—find it agrees with me better. I can't wear more than one suit of clothes at a time, or sleep in more than one bed. And the worst of it is, my time isn't my own. I used to enjoy a sense of power when I formed a new combination, got the best of someone else and made a couple of millions or so. But it's like playing any game that you become more or less expert at. You get tired of winning, and it gets to be monotonous."

"That's about the way I feel," said the second magnate. "The other day I thought I should like to go fishing—in the way I used to when I was a boy. My idea was to get an old bamboo pole and go off in the woods with a tomato can full of angle worms. Could I do it? I guess not. Nobody understood. Reporters followed me, looking for a story. Had to take along a detective to guard me; gave the whole thing up in disgust."

"And yet we wouldn't part with what we made, as a matter of pride. Why, a month ago I lost a hundred thousand in a week, on a picayune side-issue, and, sir, will you believe me, it actually made me lie awake nights. It wasn't the money, but the thought that I had lost. I was actually worried over the idea that I might be losing my nerve."

"That's right. I've often done the same thing."

"There's absolutely nothing in it."

"Absolutely nothing. Hello! Here they come!"

And then the two seventeen-year-old caddies, who had thus been amusing themselves sitting on the porch, waiting for the golf-playing to begin, hastily got up, as two portly gentlemen came around the side of the clubhouse from their motor cars, and stood in line as they remarked in chorus:

"Hold your clubs, sir?"

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PEOPLE THAT GET ON YOUR NERVES

THE MAN WHO TRIES TO SEE HOW LONG HE CAN KEEP THE
ASHES ON HIS CIGAR